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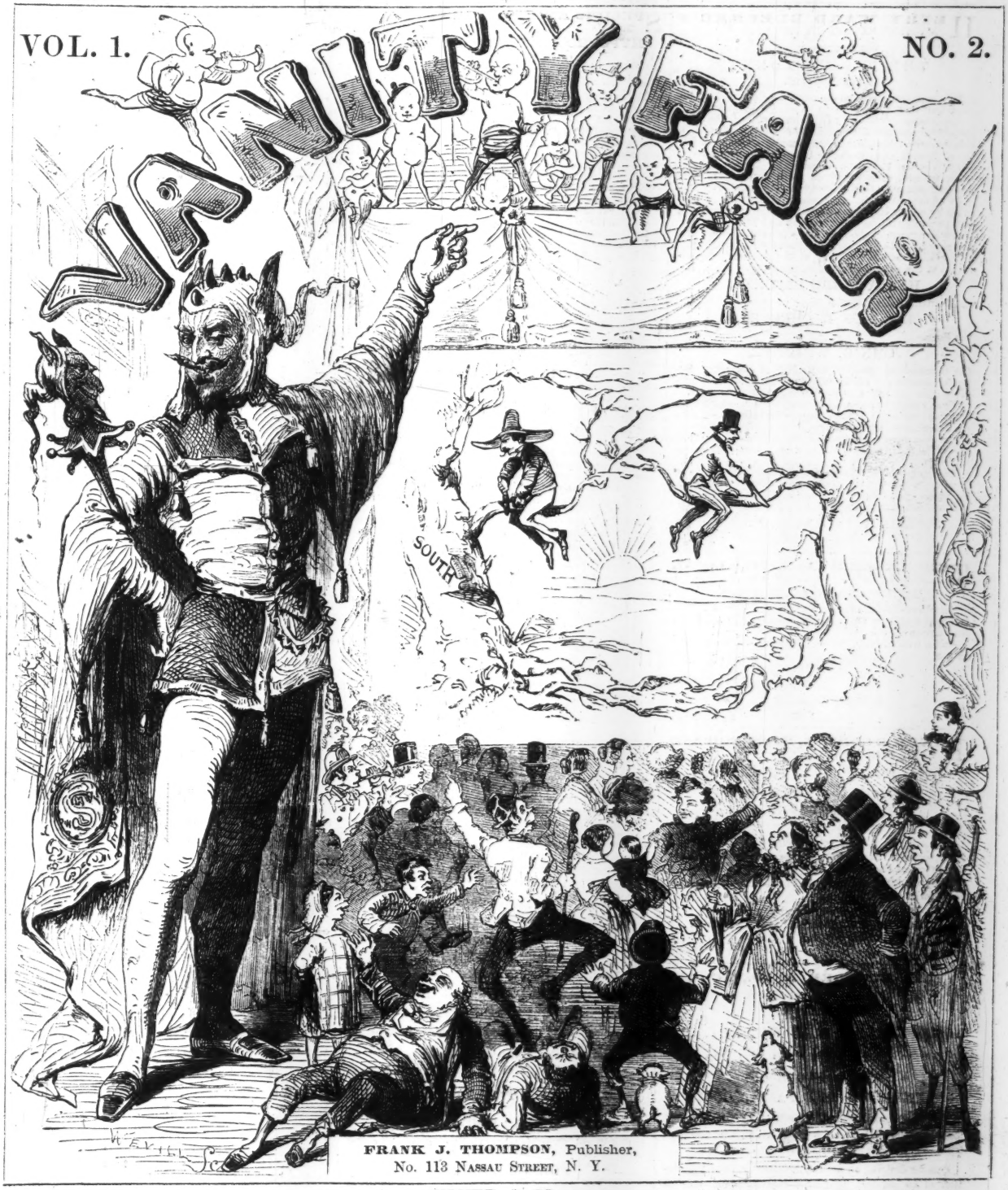
[ESTABLISHED IN 1823.]

VOL. 1. NO. 2.

VANITY FAIR



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"Hypophosphites are most appropriate Remedies in a large class of affections resulting from loss of nervous force."—[Boston Medical and Surgical Journal

"They exert an important remedial influence over tubercular disease by improving the nervous strength, and invigorating the nutritive functions."—Dr. W. E. Rust, Morristown, N. J.

"Lowell, O., Oct. 17, 1859.—Cases of confirmed Pulmonary Consumption are uniformly benefited by the free and continued use of the hypophosphites. They improve the appetite, promote and invigorate digestion, tone up the nervous system in cases of prostration and debility, and certainly increase the quanity and quality of the blood in a much greater degree than any or all other known remedies. By their use, emaciated gain flesh, diarrhœa is arrested, night-sweat checked, and the frequency of the circulation controlled and reduced to its normal condition."—W. F. Clark, M. D.

"If, on the earliest appearance of the symptoms, the patient takes daily about ten grains of the Hypophosphites, he will speedily find himself in the enjoyment of such health as he, perhaps, had never known in his life before."—Dr. Churchill's Letter, March 1858.

"Mr. Winchester is worthy of all confidence, and devotes himself enthusiastically to these preparations in all the variety of combination. . . Prepared strictly by Dr. Churchill's Method."—D. Meredith Reese, M.D., LL.D., New York.

"The physiological effects which I have observed to be produced by the use of the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, are shown by an increase of nervous power, sometimes even from the first day of their administration, together with an unusal feeling of comfort and strength. The nervous symptoms, if there have been any, disappear, as well as the functional derangements, such as weight, etc., of the intestinal mucous surface The appetite increases often in an extraordinary manner. The evacuations become regular and more abundant; the perspirations, if they have existed, cease; sleep becomes calm and profound.

"The use of the Hypophosphites show these preparations to have a twofold and specific action. On the one hand, they increase the Principle, whatever that may be, which constitutes nervous force; and, on the other, they are the most powerful blood-generating agents, far superior to any hitherto known."—Dr. Churchill's Treatise.

The thousands who wish to avail themselves of this Remedy, prepared after Dr. Churchill's method, can now obtain it in bottles nearly double the size of that heretofore sold by me, making it the cheapest, as well as the most efficacious, treatment for Pulmonary and Nervous Diseases now known to Medical Science. Beware of all others. My fac-simile is on both label and wrapper.

PRICES.—In 7 and 16-ounce bottles, $1 and $2, with full directions for use. When orders, inclosing $10, are received, [for which six large, or twelve small bottles will be sent,] packages will be forwarded to all places in the United States reached by Express,

FREE OF EXPENSE.

Dr. Churchill's "Treatise on Consumption," and Circulars, GRATIS to all inquirers. This is the only reliable Preparation of Dr. Churchill's Remedy, made from the original Formula. Write for the Treatise and Circular without delay. Address,

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In the World, gives his unequalled performanees every night, at the

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Admission 50 cents.

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It is now acknowledged that one of the best articles of food ever produced is

WING'S

CELEBRATED FARINA CRACKERS.

The great excellence of these Crackers has caused them to be received everywhere with unprecedented favor, and this high opinion is spreading continually. No other description of food has ever been discovered which has proved equal to

WING'S FARINA CRACKERS,

for all ages and under all conditions of the system. Not only infants, but children in various conditions have been restored to health, and made to grow in strength, as well as those lively and good-natured manifestations which a freedom from suffering insures, until thousands have been made to forget their pains and tears in the smiles and joyful glee of vigorous health, becoming in health more beautiful, and a true blessing to their parents.

CHILDREN ATTENDING SCHOOL.

AS WELL AS

YOUNG LADIES AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN

have been immeasurably benefitted by the free use of

WING'S FARINA CRACKERS!

The condition of their bodily power being rendered more healthful, their mental vigor is increased, and they pursue their studies more earnestly, acquiring their lessons with greater ease, rendering the pathway up to knowledge more pleasant, and the attainment of a greater eminence probable.

FEEBLE MOTHERS

ALWAYS FIND

WING'S CRACKERS A BLESSING

These crackers contain so much more nourishment in the same weight than any other food, and are so easy for the stomach, being digested without any trouble by the most delicate, that physicians and nurses recommend them as being superior to any nourishment heretofore known, especially as they give strength without any feverish tendency, being one of the most delicate and agreeable kinds of food that could be conceived of for the sick.

DYSPEPTIC PERSONS,

OR

PERSONS OF SEDENTARY HABITS,

will find these crackers most acceptable.

Thousands have been relieved by the frequent or daily use of

WING'S CRACKERS.

The continued use of Wing's crackers will ultimately give a regularity to the system which no other article of food will do, and a buoyancy to the spirits unknown heretofore as a property belonging to any nourishment to such an extent as that produced by Wing's Farina Crackers.

There is a natural, highly invigorating, and active principle belonging to the material of which

WING'S CRACKERS

are made. This, as far as practicable, is retained in its original strength, rendering Wing's crackers one of the most remarkable productions of modern times, and one of inestimable value in promoting the health of all who use them.

THE IMMENSE SALES

of these crackers astonish every one who is not acquainted with their highly valued and extraordinary properties.

Those who use them regularly, think, as all must think who become acquainted with their true excellence, viz: that they ought to be used in every family, in every hotel, in every nursery or hospital, on board every steamer or ship—and everywhere where food so convenient, healthful an economical can be used.

All those who may wish to procure these valuable crackers should understand that there are no genuine Farina crackers made but by Mr. Wing: all these are stamped with the name "A. Wing." Allow no person, therefore, to persuade you buy any crackers for Farina but Wing's.

This caution has become necessary, in consequence of an attempt by designing persons to sell the ordinary kind of crackers by calling them Farina, and conveying the impression that they are like Wing's Farina. Such an attempt at deception should be understood by all.

Wing's Farina crackers may be procured of the best family grocers generally, by whom they are extensively sold in different portions of the United States, and at wholesale only of

A. N. THOMPSON & CO.

Nos. 221 and 223 Fulton st. New York.

UNACCOUNTABLE EFFECT OF NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

HUSBAND.—Carbimum see's! my 'pinion carbimum see's an' coffee berry's all humbug—hic!—don't take the smell ousser your breath bit. Here I've nearly made myself sick—hic!—eatin' almos' half peck, and bless' if my wife did'n know I'd been drinking d'reckly she kiss' me—hic!

TOO LITTLE MURRAY AND TOO MUCH MILLER.

We shed no tears over the retirement of Mayor Tiemann. Bad grammar and bad jokes alone distinguished the closing days of his administration. There is reason to hope that his successor, whatever he may or may not do, will avoid with some care the violent and unprovoked assaults upon the English tongue, and the exhumation of decomposed witticisms, which characterized the late ruler of the City Hall. Mr. Wood never uttered such a heart-rending phrase as—"Every American feels to flow through his heart the saying of Andrew Jackson in times like the present particularly that 'this Union must and shall be preserved.'" Morever, if he should, at any time, be called upon to rebuke the sibillant disorders of a public assemblage, as Mr. Tiemann was at the Political Union Academy Meeting over which he presided the other night, he would not do it in anything like Mr. Tiemann's way, which was this:—

"If anybody hisses here, remember everybody has their peculiar way of expressing themselves, and as some birds only understand hissing, so will they hiss."

Mr. O'Conor, who spoke immediately after the utterance of this antique jest, traced it with the greatest ease back to the Garden of Eden, The most melancholly circumstance in the whole affair is, that the audience upheld Mr. Tiemann. The *Herald* says "applause" followed his remark. The *Tribune* has it—"loud applause." And some journals have declared that this was an intelligent meeting. Of course it was nothing of the sort. An intelligent meeting would have groaned, or, perhaps, wept aloud. Mr. Wood must not encourage such things. If he ever has occasion for an epitaph, as in the natural order of events it is possible he may, his friends ought to be able to write that "he was Mayor of New York, and consequently much reviled and persecuted of men; but throughout his public life, his nominatives were true to their verbs, and he resisted the temptations of Joe Miller."

The Real Philosopher's Stone.

Some philanthropic gentlemen advertise in the *Herald* that "an opportunity to save money" may be taken advantage of by purchasing from them "glass views of Paris, Italy, Egypt, Germany, and Switzerland." How to save money and spend it at the same time, is a question which has long agitated all classes of society. The public will please to understand that it may be done by buying the glass views of the gentlemen alluded to;—and so transparent, we may say, are their views, that everybody can see through them at a glance.

The Admonition of the Custom-House.

Due—Your Duty.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.

The U. S. Congress profits by the example of Mr. Bonner. The *Ledger* system of advertising is now pursued at the Capitol with admirable exactness. Attractive announcements of interesting publications all over the country are every day put forward, with the same excessive length, and the same eternity of repetition—one line modelling the whole—as those with which Mr. Bonner has won for himself an undying glory. The only point of difference is, that while the *Ledger* advertisements are generally double-leaded as to space, those of the honorable members are only double-leaded as to weight. Especially is this the case with—

Mr. Farnsworth of Illinois, who advertises the *Richmond Enquirer*;

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, who advertises the *Washington Constitution*;

Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, who advertises the *N. Y. Tribune*;

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, who advertises the *Kansas Herald of Freedom*;

Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, who does double duty, advertising the *N. Y. Tribune* and the *Cincinnati Commercial*;

Mr. Haskin, of New York, who appears to be a general agent, promoting the interests of the *Washington Constitution*, the *N. Y. Herald*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and other periodicals; and

Mr. Larrabee, of Wisconsin, who advertises the *Milwaukee Free Democrat*, and a variety of other remote journals.

This may be strictly Constitutional, and as it is uncommonly tedious, we presume it is. But it is likely to intrude seriously upon the business of the regular advertising agencies, which ought to be secure from such interference. We hope no honorable gentleman will volunteer to assist, in this manner, the circulation of VANITY FAIR. There are degradations too deep for endurance.

A Hearing for Both Sides.

WHAT THE SEX THINK OF THEMSELVES.—I would not be a man for then I must marry a woman.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montague.*

WHAT WE THINK OF THE SEX.—I would not be a woman for then I could not love her.—*Michel Montaigne.*

What have you to complain of, my dears?

A HORRID MAN.

Oh, Hush!

That raving and incomprehensible champion of Science, Art and Glue, Peter Cooper, has established in his stately "Institute" a Reading-Room, in which are posted notices prohibiting *conversation*—yet, the person in charge is a *woman*. Which will be 'broke' first, the rule or the female?

Give Him His Due.

In a recent speech at Cooper's Institute, an enthusiastic gentleman expressed great envy of "the glorious fate of the martyred Coppie." This sentiment shows a strong resemblance between fanaticism and in editorial office: in both, a Certain Personage is always crying for more Coppie!

AFTER his recent Parisian orgies, in what condition will John Mitchell return to this country?

He will come Bac-chan-alian.

A Party Hack.

The *Times* calls the Corporation Attorney an "Old Stager," meaning, we presume, a Bus'(s)teed.

Who Killed Brown's Men?

White Chokers.

Ullmann's Greatest Delicacy of the Season.

Patti de Foyer Gras.

SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Fast through the sombre pine forests I flash,
Pounding the track with monotonous crash;
Lighting the gloom with a comet-like glare,
Thrilling with noises unearthly the air;
Startling the turkey and coon from their sleep—
Mighty with motion resistless I sweep.
Bong! bong!
Smashing along!
I lighten my road with a bit of a song!

Oh! I can sing, though of iron my throat,
And discordant my wild supernatural note!
And the song that I sing is of danger and dread,
The midnight collision, the quivering dead;
The power imperial that nothing can stay;
The myriad of perils that lurk by the way.
Bong! bong!
Crashing along!
I shorten the road with a bit of a song!

Ho! there, old stoker, who think you control
This iron-ribbed animal, body and soul;
Why, one pant of my lungs, and one heave of my flank
Would flash you down yonder precipitous bank;
So dont be too proud of your muscle and bones—
For sixty feet down, there are horrible stones!
Ding! dong!
Bumping along!
Dont think that I'm singing your funeral song!

For I know that behind me I carry a treasure,
And it thrills through my nerves with a singular pleasure.
There the bride by her newly-wed husband reposes,
And the bronze of his cheek is faint flushed by her roses;
And the pale mother sits with her babe at her bosom,
Like a lily that just has unfolded a blossom.
Bong! bong!
Gently along!
Soft as the winds of the Summer my song!

But hang all this sentiment! I am a steed
That lives on the wild inspiration of speed;
I feed upon distance, I grapple with space,
My soul is a furnace—my life is a race;
The long prairie shakes with my thunderous tread,
And my dissonance curdles the air overhead;
Bong! bong!
Madly along
The mountains I split with reverberant song!

Yet sometimes I think when I'm housed for the night,
I may live to behold the decay of my might;
For not far from my stable I often behold
A decrepit old Loco, once gallant and bold;
Now his piston is gouty, his boiler is "bust,"
And the gold of his harness is eaten with rust.
Ding! dong!
Rotting so long,
With never a mouthful of coals, nor a song!

Oh! better to die in the hour of my pride,
Far better to perish in tunnel or tide!—
Ha! what red light is this that's advancing amain?
'Tis my rival returning—the haughty down train!
Clear the track! I'm upon ye! Hurrah! what a smash!
There, old fellow, I think I have settled your hash—
Bong! bong!
Slowly along!
I'm rather too crippled to finish my song!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

John Brown of Ossawatomie was hung by Henry Wise of Virginia for invading the South, at the head of twenty-two men, in order to carry out his peculiar views regarding the Peculiar Institution.

Although Wise claimed to have done this act with the intention of making an example of Brown, we confess that we did not expect to see him follow that example so promptly. The following extract from his speech before the seceding Southern Sawbones will explain our meaning and his intentions:

If I can get one hundred men—aye, or ten men—to follow me, whether the Legislature authorizes it or not, I will go North, and if the Southern people are the men of purpose, the men of will, the men of moral power I take them to be, then, rather than let this Union be dissolved, they will drive into Canada every black republican, every abolitionist, every Northern disunionist!

It will be seen by this that Henry Wise is only an imitation of John Brown, although a braver man—wanting, indeed, less than half of Brown's army to accomplish twice as much.

We have not time to explain to Wise the danger he would be in, if he ventured into our hemp-growing districts as Brown ventured into the cotton-growing regions of the South; but, should we, this side of Mason and Dixon's Line, be disturbed with Wise and Warfare, he will speedily find out the Why's and Wherefore.

An Imperial Joke.

The Emperor intends going through with a regular course of Topography, at Compiegne, shortly, in order to renew his knowledge of that science in all its branches.—[Paris Cor. of a daily paper.

We have private information (from our Own Correspondent and Secret Emissary) that the Emperor does this merely for an opportunity of saying:

I am Monarch of all I Survey!

Theory of Casts.

Many theatres are calling public attention to their remarkable casts. Look upon them, and you will discover that in most cases the casts are all in your eye.

Woe on Wheels.

There is no such thing as getting credit in an omnibus: you always have to "pay up."

By the Way.

Is the new Broadway pavement as good as it is Cracked Up to be?

Popular Ingredients for a Bowery Drama.

Mots and Lies.

A Dew Bill.

The early bird's beak.

The Game of the Edinburgh Brewer.

Hop Scotch.

The Jester Touchstone.

TO THE GREAT WORLD'S "VANITY FAIR."

GREETING:

BE IT KNOWN unto all and several, of whatsoever name or nature, kith or kidney, mark or likelihood, belonging to, or assembled in, and about VANITY FAIR, from the crowned mummer, rustling in velvet robes, and rich in transitory tinsel, to the wayside mendicant fluttering in premeditated raggedness.

TO ALL MOUNTEBANKS AND MASQUERS, of every phase and character, be they "Stage Players," "Merry Andrews," "Jack Puddings," "Jugglers," "Puppet Movers," "Thimble Riggers," "Fire-Eaters," "Wonder-Mongers," "Monster-Makers," "Cheap Johns," "Peter Funks," "Fortune-Tellers," and all other dealers in Miscellaneous Humbug, that we, TOUCHSTONE, THE JESTER, by our own free will and consent, and in pursuance of the authority to us belonging, do hereby constitute OURSELF Sole and Absolute Controller, Regulator, Supervisor, Director, Scrutinizer, Admonisher, Arbitrator, Adjudicator, Decider of Difficulties, Rewarder of Merit and Punisher of Misdoing, Grand Master of the Revels and Supreme High Court of Authority, from which there is NO APPEAL.

REGULATIONS OF THE FAIR.

Concerning the Spectators.

1. THE SPECTATORS, for whose especial delectation, amusement and instruction the GREAT FAIR is holden, will, in all cases, comport themselves in a seemly manner, bearing in mind that they, being component parts of the whole, may, at any time, be called upon to contribute their share in the general entertainment.

2. THEY, THE SPECTATORS, are expected to applaud as lustily as they please, all that jumps with their individual or collective humor, but on no account to express disapproval, for good manners must be conserved, even at the expense of freedom of speech.

3. AND FURTHERMORE, they, the spectators, inasmuch as thought is fatigueing, and subtle analysis tedious, and it being manifest that they are altogether incapable of judging for themselves, are required to hold in tender regard and implicit reverence, all and every OPINION, DECREE, OR JUDGEMENT uttered and delivered by TOUCHSTONE THE JESTER and, moreover—as in every enlightened Kingdom, no subject dares to censure or applaud until Royalty give the signal—wait deferentially for our diction.

4. AND ALSO, for the better understanding of their duties, Socially, Personally, Privily and Publicly, it is absolutely essential that they, the Spectators, do provide themselves with a record of Our Immutable Decrees which will be issued in printed form, weekly, for their especial guidance and improvement.

Concerning the Show Folk.

1. TAKE NOTICE—That no demoralizing or humanity-degrading Exhibition of whatsoever kind or description, shall, in anywise be suffered to appear, without instant and severe punishment being administered to the Inventors and Conductors.

2. LIKEWISE, That all underhand-dealers, trap-setters, and all practicers of deception generally, will, on discovery, be placed at once in the Public Pillory as a warning and example to all secret evil-workers.

3. ALSO, That no outside shams will be permitted. But all live Giants or Dwarfs, Fat Women and Living Skeletons, likewise all Enormous Serpents and Snakes, Singing Oysters and accomplished Ichthyology, must correspond with their canvass delineations.

4. IN ADDITION TO WHICH, all lying advertisements, show-cards and announce bills, preliminary Puffs and Posters, descriptive of Imaginary excellence and depictive of fictitious attractions, will be submitted to a rigid scrutiny, and denounced accordingly.

5. MOREOVER, Should any Mountebank Exhibitor or Stage-play maker, of his own knowledge or ability, design, produce or publish in anywise, a popular idea, he shall have a patent right thereto, and it shall be deemed felonious for one of his craft to appropriate the same, or any portion thereof.

6. AND WHOSOEVER disturbs the quiet of the Fair, in any manner, either from simple foolishness, stark lunacy, the thirst for notoriety, or in obedience to the dictates of a nefarious ambition, shall render himself liable to the application of our lash, to be indefinitely laid on.

LIKEWISE, No Exhibitor, Mountebank, etc., etc., will be permitted to deface, abuse, or in any shape injure his neighbor's booth or show-place, nor shall he make impertinent or imitating remarks on their shape, shade or quality, whether they be black or white, grey-striped, or parti-colored, cotton or calico, every man's sign, flag, or banner must be respected, and all busy intermeddlers and self-constituted reformers, quelled substantially.

AND FINALLY Should one or more Public Journals presume to controvert our opinion, arraign our judgement, or in the remotest degree, derogate from our constituted authority, it, or they, will receive

"THE FIRST WARNING."

And so ye Players upon the Stage of Life, from Star to Supernumerary, Kings, Courtiers, Common people, Queens, Countesses and Chambermaids, ponder upon these wise, just and necessary rules, so that ye may be enabled to "act well your part" not having the excuse of ignorance to escape from the consequences of dereliction.

This is the edict of

Touchstone.

SPIRITUAL AND SPIRITUOUS.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times that we have observed for a long while, is the increasing piety of the House of Representatives, as evinced in their expressed desire to celebrate Christmas for religious motives. The Honorable Gentlemen showed a thirst for godliness and egg-nog that was exceedingly refreshing—almost as refreshing, indeed, to the Dear Public, who paid their money when they made their choice, as the egg-nog was to the Honorable Gentlemen themselves. To be sure, it costs a good deal of money, when the Honorable Gentlemen all take a day for religious and alcoholic exercises, but we should consider how important the salvation of an Honorable Gentleman is, compared with saving the Union. It is evident that Our Representatives have been reading their Bibles diligently, and we judge that they have practically applied one of its texts—the twenty-fourth verse of the tenth chapter of the first book of Corinthians:

Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.

Gough vs. Fowler.

The Temperance Cause must be on the decline in this city: there have never been so many Mails supported by lamp-posts before.

Sensible.

The return of the Southern Medical Students in view of the great approaching Dissolution.

Why the Great Balloon didn't go up last Fall.

Because it was intended to keep Lowe this winter.

The Rule by which Mlle. Patti secures Her Troop of Followers.

"Suites to the sweet."

A Classical Text for the Southern Students.

Facilis descensus Savannah.

A Dressing-Case.

Beau Brummel.

A Cool Proceeding.

Driven Snow.

L'Amour.

(*AFTER MICHELET.*)

1. Mills being "blown up" from one mouth.

2. Homœopathically seeks cure from another.

3. But, being interrupted, explains his domestic affliction to a literary friend. Asks advice.

4. Must read "L'Amour." His only hope.

5. The book is bought. A profound idea seizes him.

6. "Yes—Woman is a weak, frail creature."

7. "Strong man, the protector of her helplessness."

8. Resolves to be "Michelet" to the letter.

9. Gives sample of his new conjugal love.

10. "She must not overwork her weak frame."

11. He must remove all obstacles to her constancy.

12. Keeps guard over her appetite.

13. Must humor her peevishness.

14. Time for authority. "Woman, retire!"

15. The "woman" retires.

ADVICE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT CONGRESS.

PLACE not your faith in brute force and revolvers; if you wish the Union to be well off, Governmentally, you must Govern Mentally.

Correct and discountenance all Dissolute habits; there is too much Dissolution talked already.

Dispense with bad laws, and Dispense wise ones.

Mileage is a Damage to the country.

Do not seek to pry into your neighbor's faults too keenly; Congressional and Confessional are not synonyms.

Never be anxious to take the floor, to the exclusion of others; most of you have worked so hard for your Seats, it is a pity you should not keep them.

Yet do not be too inactive; a very good Position may often be gained by Opposition.

Write your speeches carefully; pay more attention to their Constituent Parts, and less to your Party Constituents.

Have nothing to do with those who are Loafing about and Fishing for office; all they want, is a chance at the Loaves and Fishes.

Take a strong position, and stick to it; the House of Representatives, alas! is rarely a house of Representative Men.

Avoid all needlessly exciting disscussions; politically speaking, Harper's Ferry may lead to the Other Side of Jordan.

Look with contempt upon bribery; it is a felony to Pass Bad Bills for Gold.

16. The last chapter.

Verdi or Verdancy?

La Traviata, we know, has been denounced in some quarters as an immoral Opera, but a Musical Critic lately capped the climax of absurdity by declaring that the music itself was immodest! We really don't see what we are going to do about it, unless we adopt the ideas of those muffs who object to the nude in art, and muffle the naked boldness of the composition throughout. If then, O, critic! Verdi should consent to remodel his Opera, how many fig-leaves do you require to a note?

MORE SECESSION.

DISTINGUISHED SOUTHERN BURGLAR.—Sing Sing has become a hotbed of Abolition. Southern talent should patronize Southern Institutions. Let us go.

THE MESSAGE MADE EASY.

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS:
Our gratitude is due,
I beg you'll meet, at least, *that* obligation,
For having been so safely carried through
So many an impending tribulation;
I must confess, though—between me and you,
We don't deserve such Special ministration.

I'm not inclined to give you in detail
The sad occurrences at HARPER'S FERRY;
But I do hope the North and South won't fail
All animosities hereforth to bury,
Advice which comes from (though it *may* be stale)
The heart of an Old Public Function-erry.

That there's a flux and reflux, too, reflect,
In men's opinions; and Old Time no stay knows,
But changes so; one even might expect
Corn, vines and olives, on burnt-out volcanoes;
Thus, in my mind, will pass away, the sect—
—Ional excitement that our present day knows.

But still it is our duty to denounce
All those, who, for their selfish aggrandizement,
Subversive, abstract doctrines, mixed with "bounce"
And treason, preach, by way of advertisement,
Such wordy warriors we'll have to trounce,
But not exactly as bold GOVERNOR WISE meant.

In Territories, I am pleased to say,
Our Supreme Court the right has well assigned to
All Southerners, their goods to take away,
Including slaves, wherever they are "gwine to;"
But when it comes in as a State, it may
Be free, or not, just as it has a mind to.*

Of "Slave Trade" openings Public Rumor's full,
But errs most singularly in its figures;
In fact, it is "All cry and little wool,"
Got up by party-scheming thimble-riggers.
I'll have no barbarous, benighted Cool—
—Ies brought here to demoralize our niggers.†

The world has made considerable fuss
About that same "Peculiar Institution,"
Forgetting, the initiative with us
Was taken, to effect its diminution
Illegally.—But that we shan't discuss,
For all right minds will give us absolution.‡

From China, I have heard that MR. Ward,
—Who travelled cooped up in a queer coupé—
With French and English in complete accord
To trade, for us has opened out a way;
While just to keep our pluck up I have ord—
—Ered SHUBRICK to pitch into Paraguay.

With all the various nations we remain
On terms of peace and friendly recognition,
But our accounts with Mexico and Spain
Are not in satisfactory condition:
They're in our debt, and—but I shall refrain
From saying *how* they'll have to make remission.§

The CLAYTON-BULWER treaty is delayed,
But in a few years more will be adjusted.
Brave SCOTT I sent to San Juan, afraid
That head-strong HARNEY wasn't to be trusted;
Where he so much diplomacy displayed,
His old ambitions are brought out and dusted.

Regretting Mexico's distracted state,
A helping hand I think we ought to render,
By raising forts, and, ere it be too late,
Upon her frontier armed assistance tender;
To link with us would be a better fate,
Than torn to pieces by each new pretender.‖

The Postal service is not paid for yet,
But our finances are as clear as *may* be;
For, tho' my predecessors made them sweat,
There's a small balance;—To conclude, our baby
Cities' interests pray don't forget,
For it has serious claims on you and—J. B.

* "J. B. is sly, sir—devilish sly!" but don't imagine for an instant this clause is meant to take the wind out of Douglas's sails: he didn't intend any such thing, sir, J. B. didn't.

† "J. B. knows a thing or two!" but let it not be thought this observation is intended to influence Southern votes; oh, no! not at all.

‡ "J. B. is rough and tough, sir!" but he wouldn't serve another Term for the universe; therefore, this paragraph must not be construed into a bid for Northern Capital—not a bit of it.

§ "J. B. is wide awake, he is!" This can't surely be considered an annexation bait for the Manifest Destinarians—oh dear, no!

‖ Ditto to last. "J. B. is an old Campaigner, sir; rough and tough is old J. B.—and devilish sly!"

THE BEWILDERED OLD WOMAN.

MRS. J. B.—"Sakes alive! I know no North, no South, no East, no West—no nothing! and who on earth's going to take this plaguy Message?

BRITISH STRAITS AND IRISH CHANNELS.

TREMBLE, British Lion! Let every hair of the mighty mane of that animal which has ruled the mighty main so long stand on end with fear. The terrible and illustrious John Mitchell is in Paris, putting spurs upon the Gallic cock and inciting him to combat. Sly dog that he is, he wishes to set France and England fighting in order that he may slip in and steal the Hibernian bone. He is doubtless every day in close consultation with "the nephew of his uncle," planning a resuscitation of that famous plan of invasion. Covered as he is with the laurels of the Irish revolution, Mitchell cannot fail to impress favorably the hero of the *coup d' etat*.

But the astute Mitchell, not content with inciting armed interference with affairs in England, is endeavoring to sap her commerce. In a letter to a paper in this city entitled the *Irish News*, he suggests the establishment of a line of steamers between Cork and Cherbourg. This is intended to deprive England of the bliss of the presence of Irish travellers during the journey from Holyhead to Dover. This is cruel. What will the English railroads and the English hotels do without the annual perquisite of Irish Captains flying from their creditors, and *en route* to the hospitable shores of Gaul? Will not the Saxon chambermaid pine after the boisterous gallantry of the Celt? London tailors will doubtless incline towards suicide at the mere thought of losing their best customers. The prospect for Britannia is frightful, and if the scheme should be realized, we should not be surprised if the Bank of England suspended.

But this is not all. The politic John suggests that by the establishment of this French and Irish steam line, other advantages would accrue. In case of a war with England, for instance, young Irishmen might cross over directly, and shed a new lustre on the Imperial Eagles. Timothy O'Rooney, Esquire, formerly a small attorney, then a writer for the *Nation*, then a convict, then a breaker of his word of honor, and now a sneaking adventurer, might ship for Cherbourg, enlist in the Imperial Guard, and after having sacked the Tower of London and killed the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Cardigan, and the Lord Mayor in a terrific combat of three in Trafalgar Square, eventually die Marshall of France, and Duke of Albion. What a glorious prospect for those young Irish gentlemen, who, with sublime contempt for industry, spend their time in snipe shooting and hanging round the paternal stables! what a calamity for Britain to lose their valuable services!

There was once a poor savage monarch of some obscure island in the Pacific Ocean, who, on being visited by the officers of an English man-of-war, and discovered in all his poverty and nudity, said to the captain with ludicrous dignity, "Do they talk much about *me* in England?" Now Mr. John Mitchell, this seedy sovereign of an uncivilized and fortunately limited party, seems to have an equally exalted opinion of his personal consequence. We have no doubt that when he fulminates his manifestoes in his Parisian garret, he thinks he is moving the continent of Europe. How badly the South must feel, now that this wise politician and experienced warrior has deserted its hospitable soil.

Musical Intelligence.

We understand that the author of that delicious ballad "The Morning is Sweet on the Mountain," is engaged on a work of much greater importance, entitled, "William is sweet on his Betsy Jane."

Putting it in the Bill.

A Broad-street merchant on being informed, the other day, that he had broken one of the Commandments, replied: "Never mind; charge it to Breakage."

PROVOCATIONS OF THE PROMENADE.

Builders generally, who have employment on Broadway, seem to have a supreme contempt for the law, and for the comfort of their fellow-men. They delight in taking up flag-stones, above every other pleasure, so that one would think that they paved their way to fortune by unpaving Broadway. Before they lay a block of stone for a building, they unlay the stone for a block on the sidewalks, and the geological beds that they make, although constructed of marble, granite, and rubbish, are decidedly of the trap formation. Their scaffolds are as dangerous as those of Jack-Ketch; and staging was safer in England in Dick Turpin's time than the staging erected by the Broadway builders.

In brief, this nuisance has become so palpable, that, in walking from Tenth-street to the Park, we almost wish for an Emperor, or other autocrat, to put his foot down that not another foot should come up—to curb these malicious designs against the curb-stones—and to decisively terminate these truly un-flagging labors of destruction. Whatever standards these contractors may rally around, we say, "Down with the flags!"

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT MEN.

BY A FEMALE VICTIM.

I.

Men are straightly ruled by the laws of compensation. Those who have brains, have no credit with their tailor; those who have credit with their tailor have no brains.

II.

To a woman, truth is what she feels; to a man, truth is "exactly the sort of thing."

III.

A man with a carbuncle on his countenance, is, perhaps, rare; but a man without pimples is impossible.

IV.

The only perfect man a woman ever knows, is the dry-goods importer.

V.

Men never consider the sensibility of anybody's corns—except their own.

VI.

All intimate friendships among men have tobacco for their basis, and always exist between those who indulge in the same tap—they can take their tods together.

VII.

Show me a woman who is hooped, corsetted, small-bonnetted, to the last verge of extravagance, and I will show you a woman adored by men.

VIII.

Men hate to have their apartments "cleaned out," so does the housemaid—and I don't wonder.

Profane o'my Conscience.

Sheridan says "Damns have had their day." That may be, but at a certain Theatre in this city they "come out pretty strong" every night.

Disgraceful.

The Senator from Ohio claims precedence for his State over that of New Jersey. He must have forgotten the familiar phrase "Pearls before Swine."

Con. for Amateur Violinists.

What is the most important point in amateur violin-playing? Stopping!

The difference between an M.D. and a D.D.

One preaches and the other practices.

Sectional and Dissectional.

MOTTO FOR THE STAMPEDING STUDENTS.—"Cut and run."

Republican Rally.

Great cry and a little wool.

A Brown Study.

Wendell Phillips' Library.

Yᵉ LASTE FLIPPE-FLAPPE OF Yᵉ NOBLE EVERETTE.

E Bonner keeps a Historian.

The annals of the *Ledger* will henceforward be chronicled and emblazoned, and doubtless take their place among the archives of the Republic along with the Declaration of Independence and Stephen H. Branch's confession. This is as it should be. Great men, from time immemorial, have supported feudal retinues. Bonner has already had a Herald, and and if the place of Jester was vacant, we should like to enter a proposal for that jocular office. We also could recommend a capital Trumpeter to the gallant Sir Bonner, but we believe that the knight in question plays upon that noble instrument himself.

We learn by an advertisement, that the Hon. Edward Everett, in the *Ledger* of the past week, has devoted his fine mind to the production of a "Description of the *Ledger* Establishment," and an "account of the way it was built up." We are further informed that "the subject is treated in Mr. Everett's elevated, graphic and picturesque style, and he gives much information concerning the *Ledger* which will be new to the public." Henceforward Mr. Richard B. Yeadon can attach a new title to his oratorical deity, and, in his future speeches, the ex-senator and ex-minister will be "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, Friend of Mankind," and Historian of the *Ledger!*

We are not readers of the Bonnerian sheet, but we can easily imagine how charming the details of the progress of the *Ledger* must seem when worked up in Mr. Everett's "picturesque and graphic" style. It is doubtless treated somewhat after this fashion:

"Not far from where the pleasant slopes of Fulton-street gently decline towards the margin of the noble river, whose waves wash the shores of South-street, where the odorous perfume of Baleanic oils mingles in olfactory harmonies with the aromas of the impervious tar, and the tenacious oakum; where the eye reposes with pleasure on the charming gradations of color that glow aloug the aisles of the market place, sliding from the rosy hue of the laborously polished spitzbergen to the phosphorescent splendor of the decomposing haddock; where the gentle reverberation of the omnibus, and the plaintive cry of the hackman greet the ear of the wayfarer with a mild and soothing melody—in the immediate neighborhood of this romantic spot, there lies a pleasant by-way, hallowed to history for all time, called Ann-street. It is a spot that reeks with interesting associations, and superior mud. On one side towers that imposing pile known as the Herald Buildings, in whose vault laborious steam giants work unceasingly for the moral and intellectual reformation of mankind. Hard by, a fane of exquisite beauty lifts its symetrical bell-tower high in air, and not unfrequently one may behold the healthy and graceful typographer bearing the quadrilateral form from the adjacent foundry. It is in this interesting spot that the temple of Modern Reason has been erected. It is here that the *Ledger* has been established. It is from hence issue the myriad hebdomadal sheets that carry wit and wisdom and elegant writing forth to gladden and instruct the world. Here sits enthroned, in bland majesty, the monarch of the weeklies. That broad and imposing staircase has been trodden by the feet of a Fern, an Everett and a Colton. It is here that Washington's bones have been enfranchised from pecuniary slavery; it is here that the noble Bennett bared his heart to the universe, and sang pathetically the moving story of Little Mary-Ann. This is the centre of Thought—the home of Fiction—the palladium of the integrity of Mind. It is, in a word, the abode of Bonner!"

If this style of composition should compare favorably with the description of the Ledger Establishment in the columns of that paper we beg to offer our services to Mr. Bonner, and propose as a subject, the histories of Lantern and Lady Woodruff.

A Ship in Distress.

The Speakership.

STOP WATCH.

Clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack! Doll, doll, doll, doll, doll, doll! This is what any one may hear at any moment, at almost any hour, cleaving the tide of mingled noises on Broadway. Every citizen knows what it means. That a gang of rogues are in league to sell at auction mock watches for real ones. George, who lives in Houston-street, is not to be taken in; but Reuben, who lives in Maine, and is on a visit, is easily trapped. The daily papers are continually registering the melancholy experiences of multitudinous Reubens. Yet the clack, and the doll are as lively as ever. If the police were claque and dolls mixed into one, the mock-auction thieves could not enjoy a greater immunity. Can't Mayor Wood find a key to wind up their watches? or is it to be always an escape movement?

How shall the Union be Preserved.

Tammany Politician's Answer.—With Brandy.
Doughface " " .—With Whine.

"Oh! Willie, we have missed you!"

FIENDISH.

Ha ha! The wretch! He has blighted my hopes, robbed me of my property, and desolated my hearth! Hope, wealth, honor, all gone—but I will be revenged. Ha, ha! H-a—a-h!! I will give his little boy a tin horn! Ha—Ha-a-a!!!

JONATHAN TO EUGENIE.

You Queen—d'ye know w'at you're a-doin
  By whoppin raöund so in your dress?—
Why, look at the etarnal reüin
  Inflicted onto brother Jess:

He manifacter'd springs for skirts,
  And did a stroke o' biz'ness, teöo;
But the last o' your confaöunded flirts
  Hes turned his steel almighty bleüe.

He'd sell the lot for 'baöut a quatter,
  And take it aöut in rope, at that;
He says, "Confaöund Eügeen,—dod rot her!
  She's jest upset my kittle o'fat!"

And there is cousin Zilthy Jane,
  Who gins right up and strychnine swallers,
And yells and squirms and dies in pain
  Whilst owin' more'n a hundred dollars.

She hed a shop all full o' skirts
  But couldn't sell not darned a one:
The only customers was squirts
  That courted of her gals for fun.

And there's Rebecky,—what to dew
  The pesky gal'd like to know;
She's taller'n dad; and Oh, Je-*hew*!
  How crinoline does help, below!

Inside the umbreller thing, the tyke
  Is daöwnright pooty, you kin bet:
Collapse the thing, and she's jest like
  A real umbreller w'en it's shet!

She's kind o' on the fence, I guess,
  Jes' naöw; for every other mornin',
Though naterally fond of dress
  She faints afore she's threöugh adornin'.

Rebecky's mind's uncommon strong;
  And naöw and then she kind o' hints
She'd rether like to hear, 'fore long,
  You 'd got another likely Prince.

That is, not *quite*, you know, Eügeen,
  But so'thin like a right smart *chance*;
If not, she swaps her crinoline
  For Woman's Rights and Bloomer pants.

Jest think o' that all-ternative!
  I won't say nothin' more abaöut it.
Ef it was sure, I'd hate to live,
  But knowin' her, I'm free to daöubt it.

And naöw, Eügeen—good-lookin' Queen!—
  Afore you shave so closet to natur',
Remember Bec', and don't be mean,—
  Jest put it off a *lee'le* later!

A WISE SUGGESTION.

The irrepressible students, whose hegira from Philadelphia has brought desolation to the milliners' shops, and stricken terror to the tailors' benches of that city, have paid the penalty of their rashness. On arriving at Richmond, they were subjected, for two hours, to Governor Wise, who operated upon them in a manner calculated to teach them, as medical practitioners, how to make the best use of their patience. Governor Wise's oratory seems to rise from a perennial fountain—a sort of boiling spring, valuable for aperient purposes, though not over attractive or wholesome as a regular tipple. Or it is like the famous wooden leg of Mynheer von Clam, by which its owner was perpetually carried away, out of all reasonable bounds, and finally brought to ignominious destruction. That the Governor never sleeps, the world was long ago informed; and how he finds time to take his food, it is difficult to imagine, unless, indeed, he eats his words as he utters them—which the evil-minded declare he is apt to do. The Governor's facility in detecting opportunities for rhetorical display is astonishing. He has already produced the Romance of the Oyster Fundum. It will not be long before no Southern hen can issue an egg without evoking from him an eloquent defence of her virtue, and an elaborate argument on the principles of maternity. For the sake of humanity, as well as for his own, we venture a suggestion that may possibly ameliorate the condition of Southern listeners, and still enable Mr. Wise to preserve his *amour propre*. Having by this time exhausted all possible and impossible topics, and covered every earthly point of disscussion at least knee deep with ponderous thought, he would do well to cause the speeches of his life to be collected, and published in some hundreds of volumes. And then, when called upon to utter public sentiments, an easy and graceful, and brief, as well as comprehensive means of expression would be open to him. When popularly understood, as it soon would come to be, nothing could be clearer or more elegant. We might fancy the Richmond newspaper reports of public meetings to read somewhat thus:—

"After the dissolution of the Union had been impressively pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Fireeta, Gov. Wise was introduced and received with a tumult of applause. The Gov. spoke thus:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, Volume One Hundred and Sixty-Seven, page Thirty-Three, et seq.' These sentiments were enthusiastically welcomed, and produced a profound impression. The meeting then adjourned, with a feeling that the popular heart had been touched, and the temper of the community fully expressed, by the Governor's judicious and well-timed remarks."

In this manner, all parties will be likely to be satisfied, and the ancient proverb will be pleasingly varied thus:—

"A word from the Wise is sufficient."

The Other Side of the Question.

Though schoolmasters, according to a popular superstition, teach the young idea how to shoot, Paterfamilias, we have observed, always has to Pay the Shot.

Sharp.

Peregrine, the great traveller, says that the reason the Arabs are so distinguished for personal grace, is that they have a perfect knowledge of Scimetary.

The Seat of Disease.

An invalid's chair.

THE SONG OF THE SOUTHERN SAWBONES.

I'm a student—a medical student—
And one of the F. F. V's.,
And so,
You know,
I shall have to go,
(In order to get my *quid pro quo*,)
From these Universi-ties:
For I can't stand your Abolition—
Drs. Luckett and McGuire
Have said that my position
Was enough to excite the ire
Of all of the F. F. V's.,
So I'm forced to go,
As you very well know,
From these Universi-ties:
'Tis true that my tuition
Is paid, and that I can become
A vastly better physician
At the North, than I can at home:
But still, as Drs. McGuire
And Luckett say we must depart,
I would go through water and fire,
Through political filth and mire,
For the home of my birth and my heart!

I'm a student—a medical student—
One of the F. F. V's.,
So I have to go
—And I have to blow—
I have paid, you know,
My *quid pro quo*—
Just where these two M.D's.,
Drs. Luckett and McGuire,
May happen to desire,
In short, wherever they please:
The South gives us lectures gratis—
Glad to have us at whatever price—
There'll be quite a Jam—*Jam satis*—
In that medical paradise,
Which, under the Southern heaven,
For us flings open its portals,
And kneads a political leaven
To leaven the dough-faced mortals
Who cannot see
How it happens to be,
That Dr. McGuire
And Luckett, M. D.,
Can stir up a flame of sectional fire
In the breast of an F. F. V.

Then down with the Northern college!
Though its teachings are very fine,
And there isn't much medical knowledge
In that glorious home of mine,
Which lies t'other side of the boundary
Called Mason and Dixon's Line!
We did intend that our stampede
Should be (as it should have been)
In a body, but our intentions
Unfortunately have caved in;
And, instead of the whole two hundred,
We are only a slim seventeen!
But as I am a medical student,
And one of the F. F. V's.,
I feel it a solemn duty
That every Southerner sees,
To go,
You know,
For my *quid pro quo*,
From these Universi-ties!

Paradoxical.

Whoever is compelled to pass that odorous institution, the Robinson-street live-stock market, must be struck with the absurdity of calling oxen, cows, etc., "Neat Cattle."

A CORRESPONDENT is anxious that VANITY FAIR shall not overlook local politics. We hasten to assure him that all of our engravings for next week will be upon Wood.

The worst possible Solution of the Problem.

Dis-solution.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The *Evening Post*, in its editorial columns, lately puffed the wares of sundry gentlemen in the clothing line (we didn't say clothes line), one of whom is saddled with the following: "Mr, ——'s motto is 'Excelsior,' which he interprets so as to read '*the best ready-made clothing*.'" This strikes us as being rather a free translation, quite on the *multum in parvo* order—though very convenient and *appròpos* for the trade. We suppose, after the same manner, Mr. Windust extracts from his "*Nunquam non paratus*," "All kinds of game in season—orders for private parties promptly and satisfactorily attended to;" while the patriotic "E Pluribus Unum" of other caterers may be rendered equivalent to "Oysters on the half-shell; families supplied by the quart, hundred, or thousand."

But this is not all. We would respectfully call the attention of Members of Congress (and especially of Senator Foote) to the above, so that hereafter, when "stumping" their respective districts, they may employ some other style of rhetorical flourish, lest there be among the audience, some stray tailor or hotel-keeper to accuse them of stealing his thunder.

Something for the Marines.

When Mr. James says, "Maud Clarendon's hair lay in brown waves on her forehead," may we not infer that Maud is afflicted with water on the brain?

How to Preserve the Union.

Keep it in good Spirits.

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